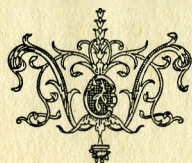


REMINISCENCES
— of —
A Soldier

Reminiscences
of
A Soldier

1861 - 1865



10.
Mr & Mrs Andrew Bach
with best wishes
Henry G. Lehmann
By

HENRY G. LEHMANN

Sergeant Co. "H", 32nd Regt., O. V. V. I.

Van Wert, Ohio



HENRY G. LEHMANN

Taken in 1862, during second year in service



HENRY G. LEHMANN

Taken in 1926, at age of 83 years

Preface

HAVING in recent years gone over a number of the battlefields of 1861 to 1865, memories of my own experiences as a volunteer soldier, of the great suffering endured by all soldiers, and of the sacrifices they were called upon to make for the preservation of the Union, have been awakened and quickened. History does not, and could not, give an account of the life and happenings to each soldier, therefore I have written the following record of experiences that came into my life while serving my country as a soldier from 1861 to 1865, that my family and descendants may know of the humble part I had in that war.

HENRY G. LEHMANN,
Sergeant Co. "H", 32nd Regt., O. V. V. I.

Enlisted as a Volunteer Soldier in the U. S. Army

IN 1861, when war was forced upon the North by the South, we were living upon the farm four miles west of Delphos, Ohio. The events and progress were watched closely and daily talked over in the family, father always expressing himself as believing that the war would not last long, but when the Union army met such disastrous defeat at Bull Run, he concluded that the struggle would be long and severe. Whenever I talked of enlisting, father would say, "Wait a while, there's time enough yet," but when the President, Abraham Lincoln, made the first call for three hundred thousand (300,000) men, he gave his consent, saying "there are four of us" (meaning himself and his three boys), "surely one should be spared to help save the Union."

I had frequently talked to my friend, Theo. F. Fisher, in Delphos, about enlisting and upon telling him of my decision, he readily agreed to go along with me. We went to Lima, Ohio, and enlisted in Company "H," 32nd Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

From Lima, Ohio, we went to Dayton, Ohio, where we attended the State Fair, and then on Saturday, September 14, 1861, we went to Camp Dennison and reported to the regiment.

Off For "Dixie"

On Sunday morning, September 15, 1861, we were mustered into the service of the United States and at about 10 a. m. the regiment received marching orders, boarded a train of boxcars and started for West Virginia via Wheeling, riding all day and night without dinner

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and supper, except a cup of coffee and sandwich at Columbus, Ohio. We arrived at a little station on the B. & O. R. R. called Benwood, where the regiment disembarked, were drawn up in line, rations issued to us of coffee, sugar, hardtack, corned beef for breakfast and day's ration, after which clothing, arms and ammunition were given us. I here donned my suit of blue, packed my fine store clothes in a box and expressed them home. Uncle Sam's shoes were all too big for me, so I was compelled to wear my fine boots, which I found far from comfortable to march in.

First Day's March

Our first day's march was from Webster to Phillipi in a heavy rain and deep Virginia mud. We suffered so much discomfort from the rain, mud and fatigue of this march that it will be remembered as long as life may last. We arrived at Phillipi near sundown and were fortunate to get into houses for the night. We were a sight to behold, bedraggled and plastered with mud from head to foot. My boots were so soaked that I could not remove them, so I lay down on the floor with feet to the fireplace in order to sleep and dry out. We were very tired and I think the soft side of the floor was up, we all slept so sound. We continued our march on the next day to Laurel Hill, sleeping on the ground that night and having strange bed fellows. The nights were quite cool and in the morning on shaking out our blankets some of the men found copperhead snakes in them, having been attracted by the warmth of the soldiers' bodies. Strange to say, no one was bitten. On the 19th of September we arrived at Beverly and lay in camp for a couple of days with the bare ground for our beds and the blue sky our shelter. By this time with sleeping upon soft sides of boards or bare ground, marching in rain over mud roads and carrying gun and accoutrements

with forty rounds of ammunition, knapsack with clothing, haversack with rations and canteen, in all about seventy pounds, I had become very sore and stiff. The march southward was resumed, reaching Huttonville at the foot of Cheat Mountain, when we again camped for two days, giving us a much needed rest. The march to this place from Beverly was through the beautiful little Tigart Valley and the weather was warm and pleasant. On the second morning the march was again resumed and we began our toilsome march to the mountain summit. This was a new experience to me. The scenery was grand, but the marching very tiresome, and we became very sore and tired ere we reached the summit. After marching till near noon, we could look down into the valley and see our camp of the night, seemingly almost within a stone's throw.

On Cheat Mountain Summit

On arriving at the summit we at once began clearing off the timber, logs and brush to afford us a camping place. Here I formed my first acquaintance with Virginia "feathers." After putting up our tents we gathered a lot of the green pine brush, piling it up in the form of a mattress, four of us sleeping together. To make our bed we placed one blanket over the brush, using the other three blankets to cover us, using our knapsacks for pillows. For all to get under cover we had to "spoon" and lay close together and when one wished to change position he would cry out "Spoon," when all would turn together. The winds and wet penetrated the tents, so that it was impossible for the outside men in the "spoon squad" to keep at all comfortable. The weather on the mountain was extremely variable and the sudden changes in temperature caused the soldiers great suffering. At one time, after several hours' rain in the night, a sudden windstorm arose, blowing over

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tents in all directions, leaving us in a horrible plight. We could do nothing but stand around and protect ourselves as best we could with our blankets and clothing until daylight appeared. I had never had measles and in order to get them before young manhood had at one time slept in the same bed with children who had them, but I failed to catch them. It was left for me to find them in a snowbank at Cheat River while on picket over four miles from camp. I was on picket duty, three of us together on post, relieving each other, two hours on duty, four hours off. I became very sick and by the time the relief came from the camp next morning was desperately sick and was assisted—half carried, half dragged—by my comrades to the camp. The weather was intensely cold and the snow up to our waists at our picket posts, so my comrades thought my sickness was from being nearly frozen. As soon as we came to our camp my comrades put me into our bed, covering me up warmly, and sent for our surgeon. I had become thoroughly warm before the surgeon came and had my head covered up and under the cover, and shall never forget how surprised he looked and the expression he used when he pulled the covers from over my head and face. "Oh! you've got 'em, my boy, got 'em good." "Got what?" I asked. "You have the measles and they are out fine," was his reply. What a place, and what a time, to have such a disease as that! The officers of my company had a fireplace to their tent and a board floor and were quite comfortable. They had me taken there and kindly took care of me until recovery.

Care of the Sick

We had no hospital accommodations on the mountain and the outlook for anyone who fell sick was anything but encouraging. Many did sicken and some died. These first deaths were, to us, very sad and made a lasting

impression, dying, as they did, far from home and loved ones, but not from friends. Here occurred our first military funeral. The slow march, the solemn funeral dirge, the short, solemn service of the chaplain, the firing of salute over the grave and the sounding of "taps" by the bugler can never be forgotten while life lasts.

Extreme Cold

At another time when on picket duty at Cheat River, standing in the deep snow, it became very stormy and cold, and though we were somewhat protected by the timber and brush we suffered intensely. On reaching our camp next day we learned that three of the camp guards and a number of horses and mules had been frozen to death during the night. Our picket duty in front of the enemy was full of danger and the suffering was intense from exposure to the sudden severe wintry storms on the mountain. Occasionally we would run short of rations and our suffering be fully as keen as from the cold. One instance of the many I will relate because of the providential manner we secured food. On the morning of the day following our being placed on picket we were without rations and without breakfast. Three of us were on post together, with strict orders to be vigilant and not shoot unless attacked. About 10 a. m. we became very hungry and while debating what to do, we noticed a large hog and a lot of shoats coming down the mountain side toward us. One of my comrades said, "There comes our meat now." Then we began to plan how to catch one of the shoats. We dared not shoot, and finally I said I believed I could knock one down with a stone. By this time the shoats were within fifty feet of us. Picking up a stone, I took careful aim at the nearest shoat and threw it with all the force I had. Luckily my aim was good and the shoat was knocked down. We all ran and grabbed it before

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it could rise. I had a small pocketknife which I used to cut its throat. We skinned the hams and cut out slices of the flesh and broiled it in the coals and ashes of a small fire we had hidden behind some rocks. Without salt, the ashes had to serve as seasoning. By the time the relief picket reached us, we had breakfasted sumptuously on fresh ham. Cutting out several large chunks of the flesh to take with us to camp, the balance of the fresh meat was left with the new picket.

During November we began building winter quarters of pine logs, cutting the trees on the mountain side and hauling the logs on wagons by hand, the whole company frequently being required to pull the loaded wagon by attaching long ropes. About the time they were being completed, we were ordered to move back to Beverly, W. Va., where we found the weather much more mild and pleasant.

First Government Pay

Before leaving the mountain the regiment received its first pay. This was in gold. This was the only time "Uncle Sam" was able to pay his soldier boys in gold. After that greenbacks were good enough for us; the gold went to the bondholder.

Beverly, W. Va.

On our arrival at Beverly we camped for a short time upon a rise of ground on the east side of town. By permission of our officers, some eighteen or twenty of us arranged to have a New Year's dinner and authorized James Brown, of our company, to contract with some farmer for the dinner, the meal to include turkey, chicken, vegetables, bread, butter, pie, cake, fruits and coffee,

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tea and milk, at a cost of one dollar for each person. The farmer (name forgotten) at whose house the dinner was prepared lived southeast of Beverly, three to three and a half miles, in a beautiful little valley. Being so far from the camp and on our picket line, we were ordered to go armed and to guard against capture. We had such a nice and good New Year's dinner and were treated so courteously by the family that I shall always have a pleasant remembrance of my first New Year's day in the army. A short time after this, Company "H" moved over to the west side and camped in a board and slab shed about a mile from town at the forks of two roads, one going southwest, the other northwest. My company picketed both roads. On the southwest road and near our picket post lived a family in double hewed log house, named Mr. and Mrs. Harper, daughter Emma and sons Judson and William. Across the road from our quarters on a little hill lived Mr. Ryan and wife and daughters Lizzie and Nellie. I mention these two families because of incidents that occurred which led to my intimate acquaintance with them, and to esteem them as friends.

In January, 1862, on a drizzly, rainy day and night, I was on picket duty near the Harper residence. On returning to camp next day, I became very sick with the mumps and our surgeon ordered me to better and dryer quarters. Not wishing to be taken to the hospital in Beverly, I arranged for room and board at Mr. Ryan's and went there. I had taken cold, however, while on picket and the mumps went "down" on me in spite of all the surgeon could do. In a week my condition was critical and the surgeon as well as myself became discouraged. Old Mrs. Ryan frequently came in to see me and at last said: "I'm an old lady and have doctored many sick people. If you'll tell me your trouble, possibly I may be able to help you." On telling her the cause of my sickness, she said: "You foolish boy, you; had you told me of this before, you might now be well." She hastened out and presently returned with cotton

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batting which she saturated with spirits of camphor and applied it on each side of my face. In a few minutes the pain began to subside and by evening the pain was almost gone and the swelling going down. Immense blisters were formed on each side of my face. Mrs. Ryan brought me a looking glass so that I could see the "beautiful blisters." The surgeon came in the evening and was surprised at the great change for the better. I said to him in reply to his inquiry what had happened that had brought about the change: "There's an old lady in this house that knows more about mumps in one minute than you could learn in a lifetime." He replied, "I'm mighty glad of it." I improved rapidly and in a couple of weeks more was as good as new. One evening before leaving Ryans', I sat down to do some writing, removing a hoop skirt from the chair; Miss Nellie caught the skirt and threw it over my head. I arose to my feet, allowing the skirt to fall to my waist, and there fastened it. She at once suggested that I put on a full outfit of their clothes and they would take me into the officers' room and introduce me as one of their lady friends. I consented and was soon transformed into a pretty, good-looking West Virginia girl. We visited the officers' quarters, was introduced and was enjoying a social chat, when Lieutenant Breese, becoming suspicious, came near me and, peering closely into my face, discovered the deception. Then with Lieutenant Breese as escort, we went to the company quarters and passed them without any of the men recognizing me, they thinking that some lady friends of the officers from the town were calling on them and that Lieutenant Breese had brought us over to see his men and the shanty they were living in.

In a very short time Company "H" became well acquainted with the Harper family, who were good Union people and very sociable and kind, frequently inviting the picket guard to take meals with them. On February 22, to celebrate in honor of Washington's birthday, Mr. and Mrs. Harper invited our whole company out to dinner, which invitation was gladly accepted. We

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had a splendid dinner and enjoyed a good social time with the family. Here occurred an incident that might have resulted seriously, and which caused great excitement and alarm for a few minutes. To me it was one of the worst scares of my life. Miss Emma had passed out into the kitchen, where the ladies were beginning to wash the dinner dishes, when I heard her calling to me to come into the kitchen. As I stepped into the kitchen I noticed what proved to be an old flintlock rifle of the Revolutionary war time, hanging on the joist. Curiosity led me to get on a chair and take it down to examine it. Throwing the gun across my left arm, Miss Emma standing beside me on the left, the other ladies farther to the left of us, I inquired if the gun was loaded. Miss Emma replied that it was not, "that father had fired the load out some time ago." I attempted to pull the lock back when it slipped from under my thumb and the gun was discharged, the ball passing across and in front of the bodies of the ladies and out through the floor above. My first thought was that one or more of the ladies were killed, but happily no one was even hurt, but all had had a very bad scare. After the excitement was over, we had a good laugh over the way the men in the sitting room came tumbling into that kitchen to learn what had caused the shot to be fired. Strange to say, the ladies made no outcry or screamed, though so badly frightened.

Our stay at Beverly lasted until about the middle of March, when the regiment returned to Cheat Mountain summit, where we exchanged our old shoulder-kicking, Harper's Ferry muskets for new Austrian rifles. We felt very proud of these new guns. They were light and handy, but had not a very long range—a good gun for close work. About April 5 or 6 we broke camp for the spring campaign, camping the night of the 6th near rebel Camp Allegheny on top of Allegheny Mountain. On awakening in the morning we found the soft ground covered with about two inches of snow and the air quite cold and chilling. Before we could have breakfast, de-

tails from the companies went through the mud and snow to the quartermaster, about a mile distant, to get our rations, which had to be carried to the companies. There being no hardtack we had to take flour, which we mixed into batter and baked "flapjacks." So we had a fair breakfast of coffee, sow belly and the "flapjacks," which was eaten standing around the fires in the snow and mud. As the weather of the day before was warm and pleasant, this sudden change in temperature caused us great suffering.

About the 10th the regiment reached Monterey and on the 17th went into camp near McDowell, Virginia. We here erected and occupied for the first time our new Sibley tents. We felt very proud of these tents, but we did not keep them long. The regiment remained encamped near McDowell until May 5, when it went over and beyond the Shenandoah Mountain a few miles into the valley on the east side toward Staunton, Virginia. On the morning of the 7th our tents were struck and packed ready for the wagons, some of the men yet enjoying their coffee and hardtack, when a bareheaded, badly scared cavalryman came dashing through our camp yelling, "The Rebels are coming," soon being followed by others who confirmed the report. The regiment at once began a rapid march back to the mountain summit, leaving our new Sibley tents and other valuable property for the Rebels to take care of. The brigade fell back to McDowell and went into camp for the night.

Battle of McDowell

ON the morning of the 8th of May, General Schenck joined us with his brigade and took command. It was determined to attack the enemy, which was done about 5 o'clock p. m., the battle lasting until near 9 p. m., when the troops fell back to our camps, got supper, and stretching themselves upon the bare ground were

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soon sleeping the sleep of weary soldiers. Details were made from each company to bury their dead. I was placed in charge of detail (two men) of Company "H" to bury Joshua B. Burke, who had been killed in this engagement. We went to the field hospital where the wounded were being cared for and there found Burke lying upon the veranda floor. Upon examination we found that he was shot in the center of the forehead, the brain exuding from the wound. He was still breathing in gasps, and I said to my men, "We'll not bury him in this condition." I reported to one of the surgeons in the hospital of the condition of our man. He came out and after examining him, heartlessly said, "Put him in the ground, he'll never know the difference, he's as good as dead anyway." I replied that he was not yet dead and that before we would do such a heartless deed as he ordered, we would leave him, to fall into the hands of the Rebels to bury. On our return to the regiment we found everybody astir, making preparations to move, and in a very short time we were on the retreat to Franklin, Virginia. The Rebels with a strong force followed us closely and our rear guard had frequent skirmishes with their advance. Twice the brigade deployed in line of battle to check the rebels in order to save our wagon trains. When near Franklin, John B. Larger, a new recruit of Company H, asked for and obtained permission to stop at a spring alongside the road to bathe his feet, which had become galled and very sore. A few minutes later a cavalryman came dashing up and said one of our men had been killed at the spring by guerrillas. The captain sent back a detail, who found that Larger had been killed. His body was placed upon a gun carriage and brought to where we went into camp that night, near Franklin, and there buried. During that day and the day before, a number of guerrillas were captured. One of the number was a noted leader among them (name forgotten now). On going into camp at Franklin these guerrillas were placed in an old building and a heavy guard stationed around it. About daylight next morn-

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ing this leader made an attack on one of the guards with a heavy knife, cutting him across the wrist and nearly severing his hand. The guard jumped back and plunged his bayonet through the guerrilla's breast, wounding him mortally. Instantly there was quite a commotion among the soldiers who were near, but as the guerrillas made no further attempt to escape, all soon became quiet again. The wounded guerrilla died in a few hours, cursing the Union and the Yankees to the last breath. A number of guerrillas were caught by the cavalry and summarily dealt with. I saw one hanging by the roadside that had been strung up by the cavalry.

While on this retreat to Franklin, Va., we became short of rations and our regimental wagons were sent out under heavy guard to an old water mill, expecting to get flour or meal, but everything had been taken away except the bran. This we appropriated. Fastening the covers to the wagon boxes, the wagons were soon loaded up and the stuff taken to camp and issued to the men. The bran was mixed with pure spring water so that the particles would stick together, and without salt or other seasoning made into cakes. So we had a feast of graham gems baked in the hot ashes and coals of our camp fires.

We were at Franklin for some time and were reinforced by the troops of Gen. John C. Fremont. The Thirty-second Regiment was detached from Milroy's brigade and assigned to General Schenck's brigade. On May 24th the army moved from Franklin to Petersburg, and from there General Fremont started with his army across the Shenandoah Mountain to Strausburg, in the Shenandoah Valley, to intercept Stonewall Jackson on his return down the valley from having driven Banks to Harper's Ferry. Stonewall was too quick for Fremont, his rear being not yet out of sight when Fremont's advance struck the pike at Strausburg. Now began a lively pursuit of the enemy, marching and fighting continually until Jackson was brought to bay at Cross Keys on Sunday, June 8. The battle was very severe and lasted until

dark. During the night Jackson stealthily withdrew his army from our front and crossed the Shenandoah river bridge at Port Republic, which he burned behind him. It rained nearly every day during this pursuit, making it very hard marching, often at a doublequick. Our army would march until midnight so as to get as near the enemy as possible, thereby enabling us to strike them early the next morning, lay down in the mud and rain, to be aroused up at three o'clock to make coffee and eat our breakfast, and again start in pursuit of the enemy. Thus it was kept up until Jackson's army was brought to bay at Cross Keys.

Battle of Cross Keys

On Sunday morning, June 8, heavy skirmishing began early in the morning and soon assumed proportions of battle. Our troops were hurried forward at doublequick and deployed in battle line, and soon the heavy crashes of musketry and thundering roll of artillery from right to left along our front was heard, and the Battle of Cross Keys had begun. Our brigade (Schenck's) was not actively engaged in this battle, but held an important position on the right of our army, much of the time under fire. One of our batteries, supported by the Thirty-second Regiment, O. V. V. I., did some very effective work in the afternoon of the engagement. When night came on the Thirty-second was advanced as picket, getting very close to the enemy by crawling on hands and knees to prevent discovery. As soon as it was light enough to see, it was discovered that the enemy had retreated during the night. The regiment was pushed forward as skirmishers in pursuit and arrived at the river bridge at Port Republic in time to see the rear of Jackson's army on the other side and the bridge in ruins. Batteries were hurriedly brought forward and the enemy shelled. We could see Shields' troops heroically defending them-

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selves against overwhelming numbers, but we were unable to render them assistance. A member of the regiment was detected in pillaging a residence near the river and was arrested with a lot of women's wearing apparel in his possession. To punish him he was compelled to put on a dress and sunbonnet and then ridden on a rail around and through the camp. The troops went into camp on the bank of the river until next morning, when we began our return down the valley, stopping near Harrisonburg for several days to permit our trains to come to us with supplies of clothing, food and ammunition. We camped on the bank of the Shenandoah and took a regular cleanup. As soon as our supplies came, we drew new clothing, stripped ourselves of the old, threw them into piles and burned them, which we felt was the quickest and surest way of ridding ourselves of body lice. All were lousy, from the general down. Hitherto I have not mentioned body lice, or graybacks, as they were more frequently called, but will say here that from the time we first arrived at Phillipi, West Virginia, until the close of the war in 1865, we were never entirely rid of these tormentors for any long period of time. It was a daily task and a tedious one at that to skirmish through our clothing in search of the festive "grayback," and what a popping there would be cracking the nits found along in the seams of our garments. It was very amusing, on bright, sunny, warm days when in camp, to see the men scattered about, stripped to their waists, going through their clothing in search of their tormentors; or on the bank of some stream, with camp kettles containing their clothing being boiled, while they sported around naked in the bushes, or in the stream until they thought the body lice and nits were thoroughly cooked, then they would wash and rinse the clothing and hang them on the willows or brush to dry.

Winchester, Virginia

THE troops returned down the valley by easy marches, finally stopping at Winchester, Virginia, about July 5, 1862. General Piatt was in command here and all of the troops were employed in building a large fort and earthworks on the northwest side of the town. The old fields near our camp were overgrown with dewberry vines, and the men when off duty flocked to these fields, to feast upon the luscious dewberries found there. One day my friend Fisher and myself went out farther than usual to the west of our camp, and about noon we came near an old farm residence and a stone spring house near by. As it was quite warm and we were thirsty and tired, I suggested that we go to the residence for water and rest. Arriving there we made our wants known and were invited to sit on the porch in the shade while one of the daughters went to the spring for water. After quenching our thirst we asked to purchase bread and milk upon which to make our dinner. The daughter made another trip to the spring house and returned with a crock full of rich milk and a loaf of oven bread. To us it was a feast fit for ———, a Yankee soldier; at least that is what Fisher said in praise of our repast. In conversation with the old couple (I was too bashful to say anything to the two very handsome daughters) I was told that their names were Brenneman. I said, "Why we have people by that name in and near my town," and upon telling them the name, Mr. Brenneman said, "All of those people are my relatives." Being well acquainted with Mr. Brenneman, a miller, working in the grist mill at Delphos, Ohio, I was able to satisfy them that we were no imposters. Before leaving for camp we received a very cordial invitation to return as often as our duties would permit. It is needless to say that we often partook of their hospitality. As Fisher often said, "We had made ourselves 'solid' with the Brennemens."

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The Ninth Vermont Infantry Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Stannard, a very raw, green regiment, came to us and in order to discipline them General Piatt made the service very exacting and unpleasant. Along with the building of fortifications, guard and picket duty there were frequent night alarms, when the troops would be aroused and compelled to stand in line ready to repel attack, until the picket officer could investigate and report the cause of alarm. This worked all right to discipline green troops, but the most of us considered ourselves "old soldiers" by this time and this sort of thing became unbearable. A committee was selected to wait upon General Piatt to request him, in view of our arduous duties, to desist from causing these false alarms. It became the duty of that committee to wait upon General Piatt the second time, but this time the request was accompanied with a threat. General Piatt asked to be relieved and about August 1 General White succeeded him in command of Winchester and its defenses, after which matters seemed to go on more smoothly. The Ninth Vermont became a noted fighting regiment and Colonel Stannard a noted general, but I cannot believe that any part of that was due to any training or discipline while in General Piatt's command.

About the middle of August on a very hot day, while on picket duty about four miles south of Winchester on the pike, a laughable and exciting incident happened. With the picket were three cavalymen who were used as videttes and stationed one at a time at a position where a wide range of view could be had, about two miles in advance of the main picket. The vidette was relieved every two hours, the relief going out from the main picket post. The vidette coming off duty a little after noon reported that he could smell ripe apples in an orchard not far from the pike. I obtained permission to accompany the next relief at 2 o'clock to get some of the apples and secured one of the cavalymen's horse for that purpose. When the relief started out I mounted

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the horse and went along. I soon found the orchard and at the same time found something else—a milch cow quietly eating grass along the fence on the east side of the orchard. Deciding at once to secure a canteen full of milk first, I quietly approached the cow, calling her all manner of pretty names and after a time succeeded in persuading her to permit me to milk her and fill the canteen. Then I began to look around for the ripe apples and found them in another part of the orchard near the pike. While busy filling my haversack and then my blouse above the belt with apples, I heard the vidette call and say, “You’d better be getting out of there or the Johnnies will get you,” to which I paid no attention, thinking he was only trying to frighten me, but presently he called again in a tone of voice that showed he was in earnest. I hurried to the pike and mounted my horse with difficulty on account of my load of apples. The vidette pointed out to me a large group of horsemen about a half mile away to the southwest. While we were looking, the horsemen began to separate, a portion going east, another northward, then soon the balance came straight for us. We at once decided that their intention was to cut us off and effect our capture. We put spur to our horses and soon the apples began to fly out from my blouse and it was laughable the way the canteen flopped around and the apples left blouse and haversack. Not many apples were left by the time the race was over and we had reached the picket post, but enough remained to go around and give all a taste. On making coffee for supper I was surprised to find buttermilk with small granules of butter instead of sweet milk for our coffee. The hot sun and jolting from our fast ride had done the churning. Many of the ladies in Winchester were very bitter in their hatred for the Union and for the Union soldiers. They would spit upon the soldiers from the windows of their houses or when passing them on the streets, neither did they hesitate to call them vile names at every opportunity. Having noticed this, Corporal Morris of Company D, who was in com-

mand of the squad who fired the morning and evening gun, fired a solid shot through the town that passed entirely through a brick house, tearing to pieces a bedstead which had been vacated but a few minutes by the occupants of the night before.

Commissioned a Sergeant

ON September 1, 1862, Col. Thomas H. Ford, commanding Thirty-second Regiment, O. V. V. I., commissioned me a sergeant in Company H. My experience as an officer began the next day, having been detailed for picket duty south of the town. As sergeant it was my duty to assist in placing the picket on post and attend to any calls that might be made for assistance for any cause, by any of the posts. About midnight the officer of the day ordered the picket officer to quietly withdraw all the pickets from their posts and hurry them to Winchester. I was sent to the east of the pike to relieve the pickets in that direction, giving them orders to go to Winchester at once. There were three men placed at each post and as they had instructions to shoot at any person or persons moving in their front, my task in a dark night was extremely hazardous. There was danger of being shot by the picket before I could locate his post and make myself known to him. After much trouble and many bruises and scratches from falls over logs, and forcing my way through brush and briar patches, I finally succeeded in relieving all of the posts without mishap and with them hurried to Winchester. When we arrived there, a train of cars was just ready to go north and we were ordered to get aboard. The train shortly started and when about six miles away a terrific explosion occurred, causing the train to sway and rock on the track. The fort and magazine at Winchester was blown up and the army was retreating to Harper's Ferry, arriving there September 3.

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On September 5 the Thirty-second crossed the Potomac River on a pontoon bridge and took position on Maryland Heights. On the 12th skirmishing with the enemy began and lasted most of the day. On the 13th the enemy advanced in force and the fighting became severe and we were gradually being forced back. About 3 p. m. orders were given to withdraw from the Heights and re-cross the river. The regiment was sent to a new position out on the Hall Town road where with some other troops we repulsed a determined charge of the enemy to capture one of our batteries. When this charge was made some of the enemy advanced on our right flank and the regiment swung the right companies, including H, back and fronted them west instead of south. While executing this movement the enemy opened a heavy fire on us and were so close that the flash from their guns was almost blinding. At almost the first volley, brave little Captain Breese, commanding our company, fell mortally wounded close by me. With the assistance of three others we placed him in a blanket and carried him off the field to a large frame house where he died on Sunday afternoon. No heavy fighting occurred on Sunday, but as the Rebels got their batteries placed on Maryland and Loudon Heights they would open fire until the air was full of hissing shot and shell and pieces of railroad iron. Many of the regiment were killed and wounded by this artillery fire on Sunday. The regiment fell back to a heavy ravine at the foot of Boliver Heights, where we were protected from the shot and shell.

Surrender of Harpers Ferry

By Monday morning, the 15th of September, the Rebels had succeeded in placing batteries upon all the surrounding heights and opened upon us a terrific storm of shot and shell. I noticed a solid shot strike near the

top of the hill whose slope extended down to our position in the ravine, then it began rolling toward us and when a little more than half way down a passing soldier thought to stop the ball with his foot; his leg was shattered to the knee. About 9 o'clock a. m. we saw a company of horsemen start from General Miles's headquarters on Boliver Heights bearing a white flag. We knew then that we were being surrendered. The horsemen had proceeded but a short distance to the Hall Town road when a rebel shell exploded in their midst. We learned soon after that General Miles had been mortally wounded by that shell. The firing ceased and we were prisoners of war. Soon the rebel army came marching across the river into Harper's Ferry and took possession. A number of us went down to the bridge to see them as they came marching over. Quite a group of noted rebel generals congregated at the bridge head while the troops were crossing. As I now remember them, they were Gen. Stonewall Jackson, General Hill, General Ewell, General Early and General Longstreet, and many others of lesser rank. The rebel soldiers had been seeing hard service with short allowances of rations and they looked thin and worn, ragged, dirty and no doubt lousey. Many of them had nothing but green corn in their haversacks, the majority of them had empty haversacks. They looked so pitiful and starved that I almost felt glad that such abundant stores of rations had fallen into their hands.

We were quickly paroled and on the next morning began our march to Annapolis, Maryland, reaching Frederickstown the night of the 16th, where we camped. Next morning the march was resumed and nearly all day we could hear the terrific fighting going on at Antietam. About September 21st we reached Annapolis and in a few days went by steamer to Baltimore, Maryland, where we transferred to cars and started for Camp Douglass, near Chicago, Illinois. A day or two before arriving at Annapolis, while marching along a strip of timber and at a turn in the road, the body of a man was discovered in a clump of bushes. He was in his shirt sleeves

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and had been killed by a sword thrust in the breast. His hands were severely cut as if by grasping a sharp knife or sword. The trampled ground indicated a severe struggle. I have often thought of the finding of this body and wondered if anyone had knowledge of the parties to this duel, if such it was, and the cause leading to it.

We arrived at Pittsburgh in the evening and went from our train into a large building to a dining hall up stairs where the whole regiment was seated at tables filled with plenty of good things to eat and presided over by Ladies of the Sanitary Commission, among whom were many of the wealthiest ladies in the city. After giving us all we could eat, they filled our haversacks and canteens. Leaving Pittsburgh, our trains were changed to the northern route through Toledo, Ohio, and reached Camp Douglass near the last of September.

Camp Douglass

Taking us through and out of our own state to Camp Douglass at Chicago, Illinois, caused great dissatisfaction, which finally led to the men leaving the camp and going to their homes in Ohio. They went on trains east bound in squads strong enough to defy conductors and trainmen and ride to the stations nearest their homes. By the middle of December all had left except the commissioned officers. One cold, wet, disagreeable day about the 10th of December, myself and three other sergeants were in the cook shanty about 3 o'clock p. m. trying to get some dinner. The beans had been put on in the morning, but were not yet cooked soft and were tougher, the boys said, than when they were put on to cook. I said, "I don't see why WE should stay here and live like this when we could just as well be at home, like the rest of the boys, and have a good time." One said, "I'll go if the rest will;" this was repeated by the

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other two. "All right, we'll go; let's go in and say good-bye to the officers," I replied. We did so and immediately we started for the railroad crossing or junction and there awaited a train. Trains slowed up at the crossing and we did not have long to wait when along came a freight and we hopped aboard. We were ordered off by the conductor, but we said we were Uncle Sam's boys and were determined to ride on that train to Ohio. The conductor was all right and in sympathy with us, but he had to obey orders and again ordered us to get off. We declined to obey and stayed on. Some time after midnight we arrived at Fort Wayne and the conductor on leaving said that he would see the conductor who would take charge of the train from there to Crestline and tell him about us. We expected of course that when he came he would have force enough to put us off. In an hour the new conductor came, accompanied by a negro porter carrying a half bushel market basket. On entering the caboose he directed the porter to set the basket on one of the long seats and turning to us said: "Well, boys, how do you do, going home are you? There's a basket the conductor who brought in this train had fixed up for you at the restaurant and requested me to see that you got it, and to give you his compliments and best wishes." We thanked him for this unexpected kindness and were not long in getting at the contents of the basket. All of us were very hungry, not having had a bite of food since breakfast. We found buttered sandwiches, roast chicken, baked beans and a mince pie. While we were eating and thoroughly enjoying our meal, the train pulled out and sped on its way to Ohio. A little before daylight we were nearing Middlepoint and I said to my comrades, who were going to Lima, that if I could get off there, it would save me two miles of a walk. The conductor overheard me and said that he would slow the train up so that I could get off. This he did and bidding my comrades and the conductor "Good-bye" I stepped off the train and was soon on my way home. I had been away in the army fifteen months up to this

time and I felt overjoyed at the prospect of soon seeing the loved ones at home. Language could not express the happiness I felt as I walked over the familiar road. I almost seemed to fly or walk in the air.

At Home

I WAS not long walking the two and a half miles home, which was reached a while before daybreak. The moment I stepped upon the porch my step was recognized and I heard my mother's voice calling, "Oh! there comes Henry, there comes Henry." Instantly there was a hurried tumbling out of beds and mother, father, brothers and dear sister were kissing and shaking hands with me all at once. What a happy meeting, what a joyous time! Mother said she had been laying in bed awake and thinking about me when she heard the step upon the porch and instantly it flashed through her that it must be me. Was it telepathy? In speaking of the exodus of the Thirty-second Regiment from Camp Douglass to their homes in Ohio, the Regimental History has this to say, which so clearly expresses what all of us felt, that I here give the exact copy: "These men had been from home and loved ones for a twelve-month (should have said fifteen months). They had in that time endured many privations, they had braved many dangers, death by disease, death by the engines of war. They had with patience, fortitude and courage met face to face all the dangers of war. Their reliability in presence of the enemy was established beyond question. They were entitled to the confidence of their government, but instead they were subjected to insult and treated as malefactors. Is it surprising that they went home, that they went where their brave, loyal hearts were urging, went when they owed no service to the government, when they could do no service for the government? Where is the American soldier who, under similar circum-

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stances, would not have done likewise?" I was now at home with the loved ones and dear friends and enjoying life with them as only a soldier can, but the stay was not to be of long duration.

Exchanged

About the middle of January, 1863, notices were published in the daily papers that the Thirty-second Regiment, O. V. V. I., had been exchanged and the men ordered to assemble at Camp Cleveland, Cleveland, Ohio, which order was promptly obeyed and in a few days the regiment was in camp. While the regiment was being reorganized I was permitted to return home again for a few days, which short stay was, as remembered now, thoroughly enjoyed, attending parties, spellings, etc., in which the "old folks" as well as the young took part, and the "old folks" enjoyed it too. On the evening of the 18th I received notice to return, and about 9 p. m. after bidding all a tearful good-bye, I mounted one of father's horses and again started for the army. Mother and sister had prepared a lot of good things for me to take along, which were done up in a package, and my pockets were stuffed with popcorn balls. I stopped at the residence of Mr. Bliss, at the west side of town, to bid my brother Frederick good-bye and to leave the horse with him to return to father. From here I walked on into town, took train for Cleveland, arriving there the morning of the 19th.

Southward

On January 20th the regiment started southward, going by rail to Cincinnati, Ohio, where we went on board steamer for Memphis, Tenn., arriving there January 25th and going into camp. The regiment was assigned to the

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Third Brigade, Third Division, Seventeenth Army Corps, Gen. M. D. Liggett commanding brigade, Gen. John A. Logan commanding division and Maj. Gen. Jas. B. McPherson commanding corps. We remained at Memphis about a month, doing guard duty and getting ourselves ready for active duty in the field. The weather was warm and pleasant, a very agreeable change from that experienced at Cleveland, Ohio, which was thoroughly enjoyed by us all.

Lake Providence, La.

On February 22, along with our division, we went on board transports and steamed down the Mississippi River to Lake Providence, Louisiana, arriving near the last of the month, and went into camp on the bank of the lake about a half-mile from the river levee. We experienced warmer weather here, some days being quite hot and sultry. Here the real work of preparation for the Vicksburg campaign was begun and we were required to drill six and eight hours every day. We had squad drill before breakfast, company drill from 9 o'clock to noon, regimental or brigade drill afternoon and dress parade in the evening. Soon after our arrival here Mat Ridenour, of our company, received notice of the death of his wife, leaving two small children motherless. He was granted a furlough to go home to see after his affairs and provide a home for his children. A number of us took this opportunity to send our overcoats and surplus blankets, which were now no longer needed, to our homes. We packed a good sized box for Mr. Ridenour to take to our homes for us. The overcoat, at this date, March 18, 1906, forty-three years having passed, is yet in my possession and in fair preservation. Portions of the blanket are doing service after being worked up into a floor rug.

Levee Cut

One beautiful warm morning about March 20 a company of the Pioneer Corps was noticed on the levee opposite the center of a narrow neck of the lake that extended up to the levee. They began digging a small ditch across the levee and presently the water from the river began to flow through it. The men hurried away and hurried orders came to the camps for the men to move to higher ground immediately. The waters ate the levee away so rapidly that before all the troops got to higher ground the camps were covered with water, in places waist deep to the men. Higher ground was found at Berry's Landing, Louisiana, where we remained, continuing company and regimental drill until about April 12, when we were transferred by boat to Meliken's Bend, Louisiana, where Grant's army was being assembled and preparing for the spring campaign.

Running the Batteries at Vicksburg

Volunteers were called for to man the boats to run the blockade of Vicksburg of about fourteen miles of batteries. Many more men than were needed volunteered for this hazardous enterprise, most of them from General Logan's division. Selection from the whole had to be made for sufficient number of men to man the boats, several men of the Thirty-second Regiment, O. V. V. I., being among those selected. The wooden boats were surrounded and protected by cotton bales and were also filled up with supplies for Grant's army, which would meet them below Grand Gulf. The transports which ran the blockade were the Silver Ware, Forest Queen and Henry Clay, convoyed by the naval vessels, Benton (flagship), Lafayette with steamer Price lashed to her side, Louisville, Mound City, Pittsburg and Carondolet, with

the gunboat Tuscumbia to bring up the rear. The fleet started on the perilous trip about 10 o'clock the night of April 16, 1863, and soon after the rebel batteries from Vicksburg to Warrenton opened fire. The cannonading was terrific and the sight magnificent, but terrible. The very earth seemed to sway and rock under our feet. The whole camp stayed up to see what they could, listening to the terrible cannonade for more than two hours, when all became quiet. The fleet was under fire more than two hours and every vessel was struck many times. The gunboats suffered but little damage, but the transport Henry Clay was burned to the water's edge, the crew escaping. No one was killed and but few were wounded, so the undertaking was a success and led to another fleet of six steamers with twelve barges in tow, all loaded with supplies and rations, running the batteries on the night of April 22. One steamer was sunk and only about half of the barges got through.

Vicksburg Campaign

APRIL 25 began the opening of the Vicksburg campaign, the troops marching southward through Louisiana by way of Richmond to a point near Hard Times Landing on the Mississippi River. The road upon which we marched took us along the west bank of Lake St. Joseph, a beautiful body of water. The country here was well improved and the mansions on the plantations, in which the finest of furniture and furnishings was to be seen, gave evidences of great wealth. There was a beautiful mansion house situated a little back from the bank of the lake and as the troops had stopped for a short rest, I went to see the premises and found the house already full of soldiers, some of whom, no doubt, were bent on pillage. The family had vacated on the approach of the army, leaving the mansion in charge of a very intelligent house servant, but who was unable to prevent destruction and pillage. Had the family re-

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mained, the soldiers would not have disturbed anything. This mansion was furnished very grandly—silk plush upholstered furniture, fine plush carpets, grand piano, etc. Mirrors extended from floor to ceiling across one side of the parlor and the end of sitting room. As I entered the front, I saw a soldier plunge the butt of his musket into the parlor mirror, shivering it from top to bottom. Other soldiers were pushing the piano over the floor, while one was walking over the keys. Some took the silk plush cushions out of the chairs and carried them away. Finally some soldiers found their way into the wine cellar and came out with armloads of bottles of wine. This attracted the attention of the others, and the rooms were soon deserted for the cellar, which was soon cleared of everything to eat or drink. This act of vandalism coming to the notice of the general, strict orders were issued for their arrest and punishment.

The troops crossed the river on transports to the east side the night of April 30, 1863, and camped on its bank. May 1 we were on the march early and soon could hear the boom of cannon. The fight was on at Thompson's Hill and the regiment by a forced march of eighteen miles in four and a half hours reached the battlefield, where our share in the fight consisted in supporting a battery. The weather was extremely hot and many were overcome by the heat—not more than half reached the battlefield with the regiment. Now began fast and furious fighting and rapid maneuvers and marching and it was wonderful how well the men held together and endured it all. The morning after the battle we marched across a ridge where the rebels had had a battery in position during the afternoon the day before and which annoyed our troops to that extent that several of our batteries concentrated their fire upon it and literally knocked the battery to pieces, killing nearly all the men and horses. The men lay piled in heaps of three or four, some were terribly mangled and nearly all partially nude and blackened with powder and smoke of battle. It was a horrible sight. Some of the cannon were dismounted,

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some of the gun carriages and caissons had wheels smashed or torn off and the horses lay in rows and heaps to the rear of the guns. The battery had been utterly destroyed—completely wiped out. A little farther on we marched by the house where they had taken their wounded. Their surgeons were still at work giving aid to the wounded and cutting off arms and legs. Over the hill below the house was thrown nearly a wagon load of legs and arms.

Raymond, Mississippi

On May 12 occurred a hard little fight at Raymond, Mississippi. Logan's division had the advance and McCook's brigade the fight, our brigade in reserve. The enemy was stubborn and General McCook at last ordered a charge, driving the enemy from their position. McCook was mad because they wounded him in the foot. I was close by when he was hit and heard him use some vigorous language. The enemy was driven beyond the village and we went into camp for the night. After the charge our brigade marched directly across where the heaviest fighting occurred. Here I saw where the blue and the gray had come together in hand-to-hand conflict when the charge was made. A Union and rebel soldier had thrust bayonets at each other at the same instant, the bayonets piercing each other's breasts, both dead, still grasping their muskets. In the dry ditch occupied by the enemy when the charge was made were a great number of their dead and wounded. Among the wounded was a young boy, not over fifteen, whom I assisted to water. He was mortally wounded, being shot through the body. I shall never forget his white, drawn face with the tears coursing down as he told me how and where he was hit. A heavy rain poured down on us most of the night and throughout the 13th, making the marching very laborious. On the morning of the 14th I was

granted permission to march at will and went with a company of foragers to a large plantation. Here I discovered a fine bay saddle horse hidden in a small shed and nailed in. Calling on the foragers for assistance, we soon had the horse out and saddled and bridled. I now had a good mount and at once rode forward to my regiment. Several heavy showers came up during the day and by the time fighting began near Jackson in the afternoon, the marching was very difficult in the slippery, soapy clay, but having a good horse to ride I escaped the fatigue of this day's marching through the soapy mud. Crocker's brigade had the advance and the fighting on the road we were on and soon had the enemy on the run. Some of our cavalry now came forward to hurry the Johnnies along. I received the colonel's permission to go along with the cavalry.

Jackson, Miss., Captured

As we rode into the city, firing was still going on in the streets, but the enemy soon cleared out. As we neared the State house we could see our flag had already been placed upon the dome of the Capitol and a heavy force of Sherman's men pouring in from the road south of the one we came in on. I also noticed a lot of Sherman's men carrying boxes of tobacco and cigars out of one of the stores near the Capitol, and as the army had been short of the weed for over two weeks it was a valuable capture and find. Feeling anxious to secure a supply for myself and comrades, I rode forward to the curb and requested one of the soldiers to hand me up a box. He passed it up to me and I at once started to find my regiment, which I found a short distance out of Jackson. They had just stacked arms and begun preparations to get something to eat and to camp for the night. Riding up to my company and rolling the box of tobacco off to the ground, I called to the men

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that there was some tobacco. By the time I could dismount and tie my horse, the men had the box open and I was barely in time to get half of one of the plugs. Our regimental quartermaster, Richard Fouts, had noticed the horse I had been riding, came to me and said, "Henry, Uncle Sam can make use of that horse. I have a nice black pony in the corral which you can take and ride." My reply was, "All right, I'll get the pony in the morning. The bay horse went to the corral and was seen by me no more. In the morning I got the pony, a beautiful black about fourteen hands high and a better saddle horse for me than the bay, as I did not have to climb a tree or a very high fence to mount.

The morning of May 15 the army turned their faces westward, marching on different roads toward Vicksburg, going into camp that night near a place called Bolton. On starting out in the morning I again rode with our foragers, the colonel suggesting that chicken would taste very good at the end of the day's march. Coming to a plantation house a short distance from the main road, we found a large lot of poultry, chickens, ducks and geese, all shut up in a large poultry yard. An old ducky said with a grin that extended from "y-ear to y-ear": "We uns hea'd you'uns coming an' done shet de fo'ls up, so's you'ns could kotch dem easy." The whites had all left, and we did "kotch dem fowls" and when I started to go to the regiment I had several pairs of poultry strung across the pony. At one of the many short stops on this day's march to give the men a little rest, we happened to be opposite a large plantation house. The men discovered some poultry in the yard and started after them. Some ladies came out on the "gallery" and called to the colonel, who was on his horse, requesting him to stop his men from catching their poultry. The colonel at once put spur to his horse and with drawn sword rode into the yard among the men calling to them in a loud voice, "Stop catching this poultry," and then in an undertone so as not to be heard by the ladies, "Catch all you can, boys." The bugle sounded and the

regiment marched on, leaving this plantation short on poultry. After going into camp we put in several hours dressing and cooking our chickens, so that many of us did not get a full night's rest.

Battle of Champion Hills

The morning of May 16 opened up bright and warm and the army was soon moving westward. Skirmishing was soon heard in our front and we were hurried forward, the firing continuing and increasing in volume, and by noon a heavy battle was on. General Hovey's division of McClernard's corps was doing all the fighting, which from our position on the extreme right we could see quite plainly. From our position in a fringe of timber the whole battlefield was in plain view. This was the only time and the only battle in our whole four years' service that we were so situated in the line of battle that the whole of the fighting could be plainly seen by us. Hovey's men could be seen advancing and driving the enemy, then the enemy in turn would drive Hovey's men down the slope. Thus continued the battle for over four hours hard fighting, preceded by over three hours skirmishing. It was hard for us to be inactive when our comrades were so hard pressed and needed our help so much. At last the order came for us to go forward. This was about 4 p. m. Our brigade piled knapsacks and charged across open fields on the First Mississippi Battery and its supports, capturing the battery and a number of prisoners. The regiment came directly across the battery and captured it. Company F was originally recruited for artillery, but from some cause was assigned to the Thirty-second to complete the organization of the regiment. General Logan, learning this, ordered the battery turned over to that company, which was later permanently transferred to the artillery by order of the Secretary of War, serving to the close

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of the war as the Twenty-sixth Independent Battery, Ohio Light Artillery.

When we started on this charge, Lt. Col. R. H. Bently rode to the front of the regiment on his favorite horse, old Bob, pulled off his cap and, swinging it, said, "Come on, boys, I'll lead you, but for God's sake don't shoot old Bob." Major Crumbaker, not wishing to risk having his horse killed, took my black pony and rode it in the charge and came out safely. This was the last I saw of my pony until after we were in possession of Vicksburg, when I saw a lady riding the pony on Cherry street one day when going to the court house. The charge was a magnificent one and we suffered but small loss, due to the fact that the battery overshot us and as we got closer were unable to depress the guns enough to get the range before we were among them and they were forced to surrender. It is claimed that this charge decided the battle of Champion Hill in our favor, by turning the left of Pemberton's army, which was soon in full retreat toward Black River. We followed the retreating army several miles; darkness coming on, a halt was called and the troops camped for the night. After getting something to eat, I was ordered to take charge of our teams and some men and go back over the battlefield and bring up our knapsacks and blankets, left in the strip of timber where we had piled them before making the charge. Large numbers of the killed and wounded yet remained scattered over the field and we stopped many times to remove them out of our way. It was very distressing to hear the pitiful calls for help and for water. We soon found our knapsacks, loaded them up and returned to our camp. An incident occurring on the morning of the 16th as we were leaving our camp of the night before comes vividly before me. We were marching by the camp of some other troops who were preparing to move also, when we saw a number of soldiers around a boy who was trying his best to ride a beautiful bay Shetland pony the soldiers had found and brought to him. The boy would mount the pony

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and endeavor to start him up. At every trial the pony would lie down and refuse to budge. Then the soldiers would laugh and yell, telling the boy to "lick him," "sock the spurs into him," "give it to him," "that's a rebel pony, you can't conquer him," and other like expressions. That boy was Fred D. Grant, then about twelve years of age—now General F. D. Grant (1906).

The morning of the 17th the army again started in pursuit of Pemberton's retreating army and found that they had gone into position on the east bank of Big Black River. General Lawler's brigade charged the enemy, who made feeble resistance, and those on the west side fled, burning the bridge behind them, leaving the men and guns on the east side to fall into our hands. By the 18th three bridges had been built and the troops crossing upon them and by night were close up to the lines of the enemy.

At Vicksburg

THE morning of the 19th the Thirty-second Regiment formed line to the rear of Vicksburg and from that time on was one of the most active regiments among those engaged in the siege until the surrender, July 4, 1863. We were on the firing line every other day and night, going into the trenches at midnight and being relieved next day at midnight.

First Assault

An assault on the works was made about 10 a. m. May 19, and while the lines were being drawn close to the rebel works, myself and some others of my company came near the Shirley House close to the Jackson road. We went inside the house, but did not stay long to look around; musket balls were coming through the walls a

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little too thick for safety. So we went down into the basement and cellar, where we were compelled to remain for some time before we could safely rejoin our company. The camp for the regiment was established on the east slope of a low ridge about 1,500 feet south of the Jackson road, southeast from what we called Fort Hill. On the top of this ridge batteries were placed so close to us that in firing the trails of the guns in the recoil would often strike the edges of some of the tents occupied by us. The tent in which I bunked was in the rear of one of the guns and was frequently "kicked" by the trail. To those not having had the experience, it would seem utterly impossible to sleep in the tents so close to the battery when it would be firing, but we did, and soundly too. Coming off from the firing line at midnight tired and worn out, we would soon be soundly asleep and sleep until near noon the next day though the battery would be firing frequent shots, sometimes 150 shots to the battery. We became so accustomed to it that we did not awaken.

General Assault

On May 20 preparations were begun for a general assault on the rebel works to be made on the 22nd at 10 o'clock a. m. This assault was made and some of our forces succeeded in getting close to the enemy's entrenchments, but our army was finally repulsed with heavy loss. Some of the troops were compelled to lie close to the enemy's line until darkness came before they could be withdrawn.

Beginning of the Siege

After this failure the army settled down to engage in a regular siege, and at once began entrenching ourselves and digging approaches and saps to get nearer

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the rebel works. To private John Morris, Company D, Thirty-second Regiment, O. V. V. I., a practical miner, belongs the credit for suggestions in regard to sapping and mining Fort Hill. After satisfying Generals McPherson and Logan of his fitness, he was detailed for that special duty and the work was done under his supervision. The work of digging saps, trenches and building embrasures for batteries and siege guns was done by the Pioneer Corps, assisted often by details from the troops. Negroes who came into our lines were put to work and it was not long until our position was as strong against the enemy as his was against us. A battery of sixty-four pdr. siege guns was placed near Jackson road opposite Fort Hill. In the rear of these guns General Logan's headquarters were established. The staff officers were also in camp near the general's quarters. The rebels had a thirty-two pdr. gun placed southwest of the battery of siege guns and occasionally fired a shot at this battery. The peculiar whistle of the shell coming from this gun caused the boys to name it "Whistling Dick." One day a shell from Whistling Dick struck the trunion of one of the sixty-four pdr. guns and exploded as it struck. A fragment of the shell went directly south about 1,500 feet, came down through a tent and striking Solomon Pontzius of Company H on the leg, wounded him severely. Another fragment of this shell went through the tent of Major Stahlbrandt, chief of artillery, tearing his bed to pieces and also his gold watch, which had been left under the pillow. In quite a number of places we had reached the enemy's ditches with our approaches. For protection bags of sand were placed along the top of our earthworks far enough apart to make loop holes for our guns and on top of these bags logs were placed, enabling us to walk erect without danger from rebel sharpshooters. Occasionally some of the men would become careless or foolhardy and fire at the enemy, taking aim over the top of the head log instead of using the loop holes and not a few lost their lives in this way. Samuel L. Allen, of Company H, was

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one of these. Our officers had frequently cautioned him, but his reply would be, "The rebel bullet will never be made to kill me." The morning of June 19th Allen had again fired over the top of the head log and again been cautioned. A few minutes later he attempted to fire again when a rebel bullet struck him in the center of the forehead, killing him instantly. General Logan had a few wooden mortars made of blocks of wood dovetailed together, to throw six pdr. shell into Fort Hill and the rebel trenches. They were used quite effectively. The soldiers of Logan's division called them "Johnny Logan's Pets."

Blowing Up Fort Hill

The undermining of Fort Hill progressed so well that on the 25th of June the mine was charged. Everything was made ready and the saps and approaches filled with troops, my regiment occupying a sap close to Fort Hill, ready to charge through the rebel works if sufficient breach was made by the explosion. At 3 o'clock p. m. the mine under the fort was exploded and at the same time a terrific cannonade was opened on the rebel works by all of the Union batteries. The whole top of Fort Hill was blown off, and a large crater was formed, into which an Illinois regiment charged, but were unable to get through. They could only march around inside the crater, poke their guns over the top of the rim and fire down upon the enemy. Feeling anxious to see what had and was being accomplished, I obtained permission to go forward to the crater. By this time the rebels had commenced throwing hand grenades and six and twelve pound shell with fuses cut short over the top into the crater among the men, many of which were caught and thrown back among the rebels before they could explode. These shells when exploded in the crater killed many and frightfully wounded many more. One poor soldier had fired his gun, reloaded, got down on his "hunkers"

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and was capping his gun when a shell fell between his legs and exploded, tearing his legs and lower part of his body to pieces. I had seen enough and got out of that in a hurry. It was found impossible to hold the crater and our soldiers were withdrawn. At the time of the explosion a number of rebels and negroes were thrown high in the air, some coming down on our side of the works. One was a negro, not much hurt, but terribly frightened. When asked how high he had gone up, replied, "Dunno, Massa, but tink erbout tree mile." He was taken to General Logan's quarters, where he was put to work. About a company of rebels in the trenches nearly opposite to the left of the regiment had gotten into the habit of rising up suddenly and firing a volley into our line and in that way killing and wounding a number of our men. The matter was reported to General Logan in the hearing of his chief of artillery, Major Stahlbrandt I think, who said, "Sheneral, I fix him, py hell, I fix him." And he did. He had an embrasure for a twelve pdr. howitzer constructed on our firing line nearly opposite where the company of rebels fired their volleys from. He dismounted a gun and had trucks and all taken over to the embrasure and there set up. Everything had been done carefully, so as to not give the rebels an inkling of what was going to happen. When all was ready, the gun was double shotted and the gunner stood with lanyard string in hand ready to fire at the command of the chief of artillery, who was watching through his glass. As I now remember (February 14, 1906) it was about 10 o'clock a. m. when the gun was fired. Neither that company or any other fired volleys after that. On making inquiries of the rebels in our front the morning of the surrender, they told us that nearly every one of that company was killed or wounded by that shot.

Writing and Receiving Letters

Hitherto I have not mentioned the writing or receiving of letters. No happening was of greater interest to the soldier than that of receiving his mail whether on the march or in camp. Letters from home and the loved ones were eagerly and longingly awaited. I cannot imagine what kind of miserable beings we would have become had it not been for the kind and loving letters filled with words of encouragement and hope we received from home and friends. On bright sunny days, go where you would, you'd find every secluded spot occupied by some soldier writing to home and loved ones. Even while on the march, on the skirmish line, in the trenches, or upon the battlefield, at every opportunity letters were written. While on Cheat Mountain summit, West Virginia, in December, 1861, a number of large boxes filled by the Loyal Ladies of the North with such articles as they thought might add to our comfort, all made by their own hands, came to our camp. The boxes were distributed and one large one fell to Company H. On opening it we found the contents suited to the wants of nearly every member of the company and consisting of shirts, drawers, socks, handkerchiefs, towels, etc., nearly every article containing a short letter full of encouragement, written by the fair giver to the soldier into whose hands the article might fall. The correspondence growing out of these first letters was very pleasing and encouraging and in many instances was continued until the close of the war, ending happily in marriage.

Surrender of Vicksburg, July 4th, 1863

AT midnight July 2, the Thirty-second Regiment, O. V. V. I., took its usual place in the trenches on the firing line southeast of Fort Hill. The morning of July 3 dawned bright and clear and soon the sharpshooters

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of both sides began their deadly work. About 8:30 a. m. Colonel Potts sent for me to come to his bunk at the right of the regiment to do some writing for him, making out reports, etc. By 9:30 I had finished his work and getting permission I began preparations to do some sharpshooting at that place, using the colonel's field glass to locate the "Johnnies" on the other side. I scanned the rebel works from left to right in my front, when suddenly about 10 a. m. two horsemen came riding out of Fort Hill toward us following a low ridge, bearing a white flag. Turning toward the colonel I shouted "THERE COMES A WHITE FLAG." He replied, "Order the men to cease firing." I at once jumped over our works, running and walking rapidly, met the two officers bearing the white flag near an oak tree which was about half way between our line and that of the rebels. One of the officers said to me, "Where is the commanding officer of this line of works?" I turned pointing to where I had just left the colonel, when I saw that he was coming half way between where we then were and our works and replied, "There he comes now." By the time the colonel came to us, a great number of our boys who had sprung over our works as I did now came up. The colonel, noticing this, ordered all of us to our places in the trenches. The rebel officers were taken charge of by the officer of the day, Capt. Wm. M. Morris, Company D, Thirty-second O. V. V. I., blindfolded and conducted to Gen. A. J. Smith's headquarters. White flags appeared upon the rebel works in our front and hostilities ceased. The rebel officers who bore the white flag were General Bowen, a division commander, and Colonel Montgomery, of Pemberton's staff. The names of these officers I learned soon after the surrender.

Meeting of Grant and Pemberton

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, General Grant and Generals Ord, McPherson, Logan, A. J. Smith and their

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staff officers came riding through our lines to the oak tree and were there met by General Pemberton and the two officers who bore the white flag in the morning. This meeting was nearly opposite the right of the regiment, in plain view and close enough that we could almost hear the conversation going on. After introductions and handshaking Grant and Pemberton withdrew a little to one side on the slope next to the enemy, seated themselves upon the ground, lighted cigars and entered into a conference. Presently Grant and Pemberton arose and the conference was ended. There was mounting of horses and Union and rebel generals rode back into their respective lines. The white flags still remained upon the rebel works, and hostilities ceased to await the result of correspondence with reference to acceptance of the terms offered by General Grant. Expecting the place to be surrendered on the 4th the troops of Logan's division, then on the firing line, my regiment being a part, were ordered to remain in the trenches.

Surrender of Vicksburg

On the morning of the 4th of July, the sun arose bright and beautiful, and in anticipation of the end of the siege and of the surrender of Vicksburg and its defenses, we felt buoyant and happy. Along toward morning word had come to us in the trenches that if the terms offered by General Grant were accepted, the "Johnnies" would march outside their lines at 9 o'clock a. m., stack arms in front of their works and march back inside as prisoners of war. How anxiously we awaited that hour! At last, we saw the head of their columns coming and soon they had marched outside, stacked their guns, placing their flags upon gun stacks and were returning inside their works as prisoners. To us it was a glorious sight and we felt that our long and weary marches

through rain, mud and sunshine, hard fighting, ceaseless watching by day and by night, exposure to disease and death, were now at end.

Taking Possession of Vicksburg

General Logan's division having approached nearest to the rebel works and sustained heaviest fighting and losses during the siege, was given the honor of marching into Vicksburg and taking possession, the troops of his division who were in the trenches on the morning of surrender leading. The Thirty-second Regiment, O. V. V. I., was one of the first regiments to enter. I think the Forty-fifth Regiment, Illinois Infantry, was first and whose flag was placed on top of the court house.

Everywhere in the city one could see evidences of the destructive fire of our land batteries and of the mortar fleet and naval batteries. To escape from this destructive fire many of the citizens had excavated for themselves caves and living rooms in the hills, to which they could flee for safety. I was in several of these caves, finding them comfortably, and a few even elegantly, furnished. On North Cherry street a large brick residence had been thrown to the ground by the explosion of one of the large mortar shells (about fifteen inches) entering from the top and exploding on reaching the basement. My regiment was sent to the north end of Cherry street and there went into camp. We soon got busy cleaning up, drawing new clothing and getting ourselves comfortably fixed and rested for another active campaign.

Immediately after the surrender of Vicksburg, General Sherman with a large force was ordered to the east to drive the enemy from the state. On July 11th his force began shelling the city of Jackson, capturing the city for the second time on the 17th and driving Johnson's army farther east. Further pursuit was abandoned and Sherman was ordered back to Vicksburg. On his

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return by slow and easy marches, the negroes from all directions came flocking to his army, bringing with them their families and such household goods and chattels as they could hastily get together and "tote" along. Carts, old wagons, old dilapidated buggies, even wheelbarrows, were used in which to haul their effects. To these vehicles were hitched old wornout horses and mules, oxen or cows and occasionally a stout negro would be pulling some sort of vehicle loaded with his household effects and his family be trudging along by his side. Stowed in among the household stuff on the numerous vehicles were the pickaninnies with their little woolly heads sticking out and their white chalk eyes peering wonderingly about them, presented a ludicrous appearance. This large company of contrabands, as the soldiers called them, followed Sherman's army into Vicksburg and were placed in an encampment by themselves near the outer edge of the city to the southeast and fed by the government. The able bodied were put to work and later on began the first recruiting and organizing of negro regiments. It was estimated at that time that fully ten thousand contrabands were in this column. This unique procession entered the city from the Jackson road and was all day in passing through to the camping place selected for them. Several of us stationed ourselves at the corner of the jail yard on Cherry street and viewed and reviewed the procession as it passed.

General Court Martial

The Vicksburg campaign opened April 25, 1863, from which time until the capture of that stronghold there were a few cases of desertion, disobedience of orders, pillaging of houses, wanton destruction of property, thieving and other crimes among the enlisted men. Among the officers were a few cases of absences without leave, disobedience of orders and cowardice so that Gen-

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eral McPherson, commanding the Seventeenth Army Corps, convened a general court-martial for the trial of these cases. Col. B. F. Potts, Thirty-second Regiment, O. V. V. I., was detailed as president of the court and through him I was detailed as clerk of the court August 7, 1863, and J. B. Littlewood, Twentieth Regiment, Ill. Vols., was also detailed as clerk of the court. (February 9, 1906, notice of the death of Dr. J. B. Littlewood, at Washington, D. C., was seen in the daily papers—was in the patent office as examiner.) The court tried a number of cases each day and we were expected to make up the proceedings in each case on the day of trial ready to be submitted to Maj. Gen. Jas. B. McPherson for approval or disapproval. To be more convenient to our work and at the same time live better than we could in the camps with our comrades, we secured board and room with a family named Brown not far from the court house. Mr. and Mrs. Brown, daughter and a son constituted the family. We found them a very kind and pleasant family and we enjoyed ourselves in their society. Mrs. Brown sometimes called me her "precocious boy" and whenever I heard her say that, I knew that she had caught me in some mischief. Through this family we became acquainted with many others and now recall paying Mr. and Mrs. Farmer a visit one evening in company with Miss Brown, her brother, a lady friend and Mr. Littlewood. I was disguised as a lady, borrowing the outfit from Mrs. Brown. The disguise was so perfect that I was not discovered until the evening was far spent. In passing to and from the court house along the west side of Cherry street I often met a young lady whose refined face and modest ways attracted me and I soon sought and obtained an introduction. We formed a strong friendship for each other and were much together. After leaving Vicksburg, in the spring of 1864, we corresponded until 1865, when at Beaufort, South Carolina, I received and answered the last letter from Miss Shuler. In May, 1905, forty-one years after, accompanied by my good wife, we attended the dedication of Ohio monuments in

Military Park at Vicksburg, Mississippi, and while there learned that the war time friend was yet living and residing in the city. We had the great pleasure of a short visit with her and her family before leaving Vicksburg for home.

At General McPherson's Headquarters

The general court-martial continued its session until some time in October, when it adjourned *sine die* and Littlewood and myself were immediately detailed as clerks in the assistant adjutant general's office at Major General McPherson's headquarters, where we reported at once and entered upon our duties. We now quit boarding at Mr. Brown's and boarded at mess at headquarters. Our duties now kept us very close throughout the days, but we were at liberty most of the time evenings, which gave us ample time to enjoy ourselves in social ways. The assistant adjutant general, Col. Wm. T. Clark, was very exacting and particular, requiring cleanliness and neatness in our work and also in our personal appearance. He allowed no blots, scratches or mistakes in any of the records in his office, of which he took great pride. Should any clerk leave his inkstand uncorked or permit scraps of paper to lie on the floor on leaving his desk, or be slovenly or careless in any way, he would be sent for and so severely reprimanded that he would be very careful to not incur his displeasure again. I have always felt very grateful to General Clark for this training; it has been of great service to me. While with headquarters of the Seventeenth Army Corps I had charge of records of letters received and indorsements and memoranda, the important records of the office and which belonged to the chief clerk's desk. When General McPherson was placed in command of the Department and Army of the Tennessee, I was transferred to that department April 24 and given the chief clerk's

desk, filling that position until the close of the war, and then was detailed for duty as clerk in the adjutant general's office, war department, at Washington, D. C., June, 1865.

Writing for General Sherman

On a beautiful Sabbath day in the latter part of February, 1864, a number of us went to the Episcopal Church. The service had just begun when an orderly came stalking in and said to us that we were wanted immediately at headquarters. We at once left the church and reported to the office and learned that General Sherman, who had just returned from the Meridian campaign, had requested of General McPherson the services of some of his clerks. Myself and three others (names forgotten) proceeded to the hotel and were at once shown to the general's room and making known to him who we were, asked us to be seated at a large table, saying that he had a lot of orders and letters for us to write. He was in his shirt sleeves (shirt not overclean), face was unshaven, pants and vest soiled—just as he came in off the campaign, presenting a rather slovenly appearance. The room was filled with officers nearly all through the day who came to pay their respects to General Sherman. Before beginning our work the general invited us to go to the sideboard and help ourselves to a drink. We were kept very busy the balance of the day, writing orders and letters after his dictation, and when done the general thanked each of us personally for the assistance we had rendered him.

From Vicksburg to Huntsville Ala.

Changes in the army were now being made preparatory to the opening of the spring campaign and a simul-

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taneous forward movement of all the armies. Gen. U. S. Grant was made lieutenant general and given command of all the armies, Major General Sherman became commander of the Military Division of the Mississippi, and Maj. Gen. J. B. McPherson commander of the Department and Army of the Tennessee and Maj. Gen. John A. Logan commander of the Seventeenth Army Corps. All of the clerks of the Seventeenth Army Corps headquarters were transferred to Headquarters Department and Army of the Tennessee and on or about April 8 were taken aboard the "Pauline Carroll," a fine new passenger steamer just returning from New Orleans on her maiden trip. There were a large number of invited guests from Cincinnati aboard who were enjoying the trip with music, dancing and feasting. All of us had formed many acquaintances and friendships—to some of our boys a friendship that was very close to their hearts—but the fortunes of war decreed that we must bid them all farewell and good-bye. Our destination was Huntsville, Alabama, where we arrived on or about April 18, 1864, and occupied the large bank building over the big spring that supplied the city with the finest pure water. Here the army was reorganized. I now have the proposed organization of the Seventeenth Army Corps written by Major General McPherson and signed by him. Huntsville was a very pretty city with beautiful country surrounding it, but all of us were so busy in the office making and completing records that we had no time to get out to see much of the city.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

We were at Huntsville about three weeks, when our headquarters (Department and Army of the Tennessee) was removed to Chattanooga, Tennessee, May 6, 1864, and located in a large frame house situated by itself on the slope of Cameron Hill, which we occupied until some

time in September. That house is now 603 Pine street, Chattanooga, Tennessee, and owned and occupied by Mrs. K. D. Rathburn. Into this house was brought the body of Maj. Gen. Jas. B. McPherson, who was killed in battle near Atlanta, Georgia, July 22, and was laid in the front room on the north side of the hall until Sunday near noon, when his body was escorted to the railroad depot and placed on board train for his home and place of burial, Clyde, Ohio. All forenoon Sunday, July 24, large numbers of officers and soldiers passed through this room to view the remains, during which time I had charge and stood at the head of the casket. First Lieut. K. Knox, Thirteenth Infantry, proceeded to Clyde, Ohio, in charge of the body of Major General McPherson and his effects. Private Noah Forsale, Fourth Independent Company, Ohio Cavalry, had charge of the three horses belonging to the general, and took them to Clyde, Ohio. One of them, "Old Blackey," the general's favorite horse, on which he was riding when killed, was wounded in several places by the same volley that killed the general.

Lookout Mountain

During the time the headquarters remained in Chattanooga we rode to the top of Lookout Mountain nearly every Sunday to explore the summit and to enjoy the beautiful scenery. On one of our rambles we discovered Lula Falls and Lula Lake, very enchanting places, and where we enjoyed many hours. The falls are 115 feet high and by the time the water reaches the pool below it becomes a fine mist in which you could see all the colors of the rainbow. The lake is a mile north of the falls and is a very beautiful little body of water. A mile farther north of the lake we found a very dangerous piece of ground which we dubbed "The Devil's Half-Acre." Here are fissures in the rock six to eighteen

inches across and extending straight down deeper than we could see. In places these fissures were close together, extending from east to west. Persons had to be extremely careful in walking over this place lest they fall into one of these crevasses. On one of our trips to the mountain on horseback, near where the road began to make its ascent, we noticed an excited group of soldiers and rode forward to learn the cause. They had discovered the body of a soldier in an old unused well and had just brought it to the surface. Nothing was found on the body by which it could be identified and today it probably lies buried in the beautiful National Cemetery there, marked "Unknown." Had this soldier met death accidentally, or had he been murdered, robbed and then thrown into the well? In 1864 Chattanooga was a ragged, dirty and ill-looking town of about 2,000 inhabitants—now (1906) it is a fine city, up to date in every way, and of nearly 60,000 inhabitants. Northern people with their capital, energy and push have made Chattanooga and surrounding country what it is today.

Headquarters to the Front

About September 2 we received notice that Atlanta had fallen into our hands and about the 10th we packed up headquarters and removed to East Point, a short distance from Atlanta, Georgia, where we remained only a short time, and then removed to Atlanta, occupying Calhoun's brick residence near Washington street, not far from the railroad depot. When we arrived at East Point we met our new commander, Maj. Gen. O. O. Howard, for the first time. He impressed us favorably and we found him a kind, able general, and a Christian—a worthy successor to our lamented McPherson. He required that divine services be held at headquarters every Sabbath when not on the march and if no chaplain was at hand, the general himself would preach. I heard the

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general preach once, soon after we had joined Field Headquarters at East Point. Shortly after moving into Atlanta, several of us secured horses of our headquarters escort (the Fourth Independent Company, Ohio Cavalry, commanded by Captain Foster) and rode out to the battlefield of July 22 where General McPherson was killed. On "bald hill," where some of the heaviest fighting occurred, we noticed that some of the trenches in which the dead were buried had been filled too full and the heavy rains which always follow severe battles had washed the covering of dirt so much that here and there was seen a head, an arm, a leg or a foot exposed. At one place an arm was seen as if reaching up for help to rise, and one of our company exclaimed, "Look at that rebel reaching for his furlough." Poor fellow! He already had his furlough and war's alarms could no longer disturb him. On other parts of the battlefield we saw here and there parts of human skeletons, washed out by the heavy rains. A photograph was taken of the spot where General McPherson fell, a copy of which is now in my army photo album.

Hood having started north with his army, our army followed so that he might not get lost on the way, but we remained in the city until our army should return and prepare for the great march "From Atlanta to the Sea." On November 9 occurred the presidential election and all soldiers who were of age were permitted to vote. This date I voted for the first time, voting for Abraham Lincoln for President of the United States. I have always felt proud of this, my first vote after reaching my majority. There are four events connected with my services in the army of which I feel proud: First, that I enlisted as a soldier in the Union Army; second, that I was awarded the Silver Medal of Honor of the Seventeenth Army Corps for meritorious services during the Vicksburg campaign; third, that I re-enlisted as a veteran January 1, 1864, at Vicksburg, Mississippi; fourth, that my first vote was cast for Abraham Lincoln for President of the United States. After the election was

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over we began making preparations to remove our headquarters north to complete records of the army.

At Louisville, Ky.

WE embarked on one of the last trains out of Atlanta for the north on November 12 and arrived at Louisville, Kentucky, about November 15. The army began moving out from Atlanta about November 14 on the great march to the sea.

On Furlough

A few days after our arrival at Louisville, General Clark handed me a furlough for thirty days for "good and faithful services in the field," which I gladly accepted and went home. After thirty days of real enjoyment with the loved ones at home and with my many friends, I returned to headquarters.

At New York City

About December 27 (my twenty-second birthday anniversary) we received the very cheering news that Savannah, Georgia, had fallen and that Sherman's army was safe on the coast. We at once packed up our office to go the army by steamer from New York, where we arrived the evening of January 1, 1865—nearly as cold a day as the cold New Year's of 1864. The passenger coaches were heated with coal stoves and though the stoves were kept at red heat, we suffered with the extreme cold. We stopped at the Merchants Hotel. While in the city we improved the time seeing the Central Park, theatres, Barnum's Museum and other places of interest and amusement. At Barnum's were three fat ladies, the

three weighing over a ton; one of the ladies was eight feet 1 inch high. In the same room were two men, each over eight feet high. At Barnum's Theatre we witnessed "The Ring of Fate," which we thoroughly enjoyed. At another theatre, "The Scenes of New York Life," a play written and dramatized from the true story of the life of a prominent merchant in New York. At the Broadway Theatre we saw the noted John E. Owens in his great play of Solon Shingle and the Live Indian. We enjoyed one full afternoon at Central Park skating on the ice pond.

On the Rolling Deep

At noon January 6 we went on board the ocean steamer "Cahawba," but the 6th being Friday, the captain of the steamer refused to start on the voyage, on account of the belief or superstition among sailors that Friday was an unlucky day. The steamer anchored in the harbor nearly opposite Jersey City until Saturday morning, when after taking a schooner in tow, we steamed out of the harbor on our voyage. As soon as we were out of the harbor and began to feel the ocean swell, the fun began, all of us getting very sick and also very miserable. Surgeon Duncan visited each one of us, and dosed us heavily with whiskey and made us get out of our bunks and go up on deck, after which we felt much better. Sunday the ocean was very quiet and the weather pleasant and we were able to get on deck again. Church services were held on deck and the chaplain chose "God is Love" for his text. Monday we passed off Cape Hatteras, having fine, warm weather and a smooth sea, which all greatly enjoyed. Tuesday a fearful storm arose which continued all day and into the night, compelling us to lay on our backs in our bunks. If we as much as raised our heads, we became fearfully seasick—such terrible heavings and wretchings is past any description.

Wednesday was bright and fair, all trace of the fearful storm had passed and the sea smooth. During the storm yesterday the captain ordered the schooner to be cut loose from the steamer as it endangered our safety. There were three men on the schooner whose lives probably were lost. Today we passed Charleston, South Carolina, and Fort Sumter, having a good view of both. Our blockading fleet presented a grand and imposing sight. At night we came to anchor at Hilton Head, South Carolina.

Beaufort, S. C.

Thursday morning orders came to us to join our headquarters at Beaufort, South Carolina, they having been removed from Savannah to that place on Monday. All of us were disappointed that we were not privileged to go on to Savannah. We had now been on the steamer since Friday noon, January 6, until this Thursday morning, January 12, and were now glad to be on land again. We arrived at Beaufort in the forenoon and at noon had our desks set up ready for work. The weather here was warm and pleasant so that on Friday, January 13, we put up tents in which to sleep. The army was being moved to this point preparatory to moving through the Carolinas, and the capture of Charleston. Gen. O. O. Howard was already here. He gave us all a shake of the hand and said he was glad to see us all again. He went to the front some time in the night. We found that a lot of work had accumulated and we were kept very busy trying to catch up. Secretary of War E. M. Stanton came here the 14th of January and was given a grand reception. The colored troops were all ordered out in parade. January 15th was our first Sunday here, and a beautiful, pleasant day it was. We did no work in the office. Some of the clerks took boats and went across the river and gathered a lot of oysters for our mess table. The most of us passed the day writing letters,

reading and lounging about. This warm climate is making us all lazy. Our army took possession of Pocitaligo, South Carolina, this morning after a severe, stubborn fight Saturday evening. The enemy retreated during the night. Soon after our arrival at Beaufort we took a survey of the old, dirty-looking town and what seemed to us as being very peculiar was the style of building their houses on pillars four to five feet high, leaving all open under the houses, giving a free circulation of air all around and underneath. From the time of our arrival here, January 12 to June 18, 1865, my recollections have been refreshed by referring to a diary kept by me during that time.

While here at Beaufort we made frequent excursions to the country, one of which was to Barnwell's Plantation, a beautiful place with a fine grove of large live oak trees. At another time a party of us went out to Smith's Plantation in a spring wagon. Here we visited and explored what was once a Spanish fort. These trips were usually made on Sunday and were greatly enjoyed. Our armies were now moving steadily forward and we were daily in receipt of news of their victories. January 17 we received a telegram that Fort Fisher had fallen and the fruits of the victory were 1,700 prisoners and 72 pieces of artillery. On the 18th we have the news of the capture of Fort Smith and on the 19th the capture of Wilmington, North Carolina, and thus the good news is coming to us thick and fast. I received a letter from my father, who is a private in Company F, Fifty-fifth Regiment, O. V. I., saying that they are in camp seven miles north of Savannah—will go to see him as soon as opportunity offers.

January 21 I closed books for the year 1864 and found that I had endorsed and entered in the books over 5,000 letters, some of which were entered two and three times. The rebels are now leaving Charleston and moving to Branchville, "so the darkies say." January 23 General Sherman and staff came here and tomorrow they will go to the front. General Howard will also go to the front

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and our field headquarters will follow on Thursday, the 26th. For a few days up to January 30th I was quite unwell, but was soon all right again as the weather had become more steady and pleasant. Sherman's army is again on the move and the campaign is opened in earnest. A courier from the front to our headquarters reports the army moving at the rate of fifteen miles a day and doing some severe fighting. From February 5th to the 14th I suffered greatly with carbuncles on my neck. Satan's wandering to and fro on the earth turned out to be a sore affair for Job. It has been the same for me within the past week and I am now suffering with two large carbuncles.

Savannah, Ga.

February 15 I started to go to Savannah, arriving at Hilton Head at noon. After dinner took a look through the town till 3 p. m., when, in company with some of the clerks of our headquarters who had accompanied me, we went on board the propeller U. S. Grant for Savannah, where we arrived at 8 p. m. and put up at the Pulaski House. The next day I endeavored to find my father and learned that his regiment had been moved and was on its way to join Sherman's army in the Carolinas. I was much disappointed that I did not get to meet him here.

In company with Clerks Burden, Sparks, Lewis and Stehr we visited many places of interest to us, viz., Pulaski Monument, Central Park, British consul's office, Sherman's headquarters and the fortifications in and around the city. There was also a grand concert in the park which we listened to and enjoyed. On the 17th we put in the day faithfully seeing Savannah, finding it a beautiful city with wide well-paved streets, beautiful parks and very handsome residences. At 4 o'clock p. m. we went on board the propeller U. S. Grant and started

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for Beaufort. Arrived at Hilton Head at 1 o'clock a. m. and were compelled to sit up in the office of the hotel until morning as there were no beds to be had. At one o'clock p. m. we went on board the propeller Monterey and arrived at Beaufort at 4 o'clock p. m. All were glad to be back home again. February 19 Charleston was surrendered to the Union army, and everyone here celebrated. On the day following a grand party was given at the Beaufort Hotel in celebration of the downfall of Charleston. Our work in the office during February and March, copying up the field records and regular business, kept us busy a greater portion of the time. Our office hours, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m., gave us ample time, morning and evening, for amusement and exercise, such as ball playing and rowing upon the river.

Leaving Beaufort

Sunday, April 2, we received "sudden" orders to pack up our headquarters and go on board the steamer Tonawanda and as the boat steamed away from Beaufort our band played "Out of the Wilderness." Our destination was not disclosed to us.

Hilton Head

Some time in the night we arrived at Hilton Head and anchored. In the morning a lot of ordnance stores were put on board the steamer and at 1 o'clock we left Hilton Head, destination still unknown to us. At 11 o'clock a. m. April 4 the steamer anchored off Fort Fisher to wait for the pilot to go to

Wilmington, N. C.

Where we arrived at 4:30 p. m. and telegraphed to General Howard at Goldsboro, North Carolina, for instructions where to locate headquarters. The answer came, "Go to Newbern, North Carolina." The clerks, all of us, went up into the city and found it a beautiful place and pleasantly situated. We strolled about the streets until 11 p. m. and then returned to the steamer. Early in the morning of April 4 we left Wilmington and started for Newbern, anchoring off Fort Fisher at 7:30 a. m. to wait for the tide. Sailed again at 2 p. m., the steamer rolling terribly, which made all of us seasick, and as was said, "the boat was taking a puke." We anchored off Morehead City at 6 a. m. April 6 and the assistant adjutant general went ashore to see about transportation to Newbern, which is only thirty-five miles by railroad; by sea it is 145 miles. Here we received advices from the army that it would again cut loose for another cruise on the 10th of April, also a telegram from Fortress Monroe advising us of the capture of Richmond and Petersburg with 25,000 prisoners. Over a hundred ships were in harbor here, all hoisted colors, some completely covered with bunting, presenting a gay and beautiful scene.

Newbern, N. C.

We left Morehead City at 7 a. m. April 7 on a freight train, arriving at Newbern at 11 o'clock a. m. and by 2 o'clock p. m. had located our headquarters and put the office in shape for business. The next day, April 8, the news of the fall of Richmond and Petersburg were confirmed and had the further news of the capture of Lee's army. General Howard was here today, but has returned to the front. Learning that my father's regiment was now at Goldsboro, I obtained permission to go to see him.

Goldsboro, N. C.

At 9 a. m. April 9 I got on board a military train and arrived at Goldsboro at 3:30 p. m. and going to our field headquarters I secured a horse and started to find my father. After a two hours' ride, I found his regiment, only to learn that he was on guard duty at a hospital in the town. I returned and going to the hospital, found father, who had just come off guard and was preparing his supper of bacon, crackers and coffee. It was a happy meeting. We were together until after midnight, when I bade him good-bye to return to Newbern on the 3 a. m. train. While I was with father, I was very much amused at being frequently cautioned by him saying, "Don't sit down there, you'll get 'graybacks' on you." He did not think that I had had three and a half years' experience as a soldier and acquainted with these pests. While we were together father related to me a peculiar dream that he had had the night before. He said that he dreamed that the armies were moving forward briskly and that a heavy battle had occurred and the Union army was victorious and the rebel army surrendered; then the war closed and peace was declared and there was great rejoicing and everybody happy. In the midst of the great rejoicings a cloud or pall seemed to fall upon the earth, and that a great calamity had befallen the nation, causing great sorrow and turning the rejoicing to mourning. Father seemed greatly impressed and also worried by the dream. Sherman's army had commenced a forward movement from Goldsboro when I left at 3 a. m. April 10. I arrived at Newbern at noon. News from the front on the 11th was encouraging. Sherman was pushing Johnston vigorously. On the 12th we received a telegram from the war department that Lee had surrendered his army of 40,000 to General Grant on the 9th of April. Immediately there was great rejoicing, everyone doing his best to celebrate. Bands were marching the streets and playing patriotic music. Men were making speeches,

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and all were laughing, shouting and singing over the glorious news. April 13 Newbern gave a grand ovation and jubilee, Jeff Davis was hung in effigy, also there was a representation of himself and staff on their last run to Richmond. The morning of April 17 we received the very sad news of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln on the night of April 14 and all our rejoicings over recent victories were turned to sorrow and mourning. In my father's dream we now can see the surrender of Lee's army and close of the war as the cause of rejoicing and in the assassination of Lincoln the great calamity that was to come upon the nation, causing great sorrow and turning the rejoicing to mourning. A general gloom prevails everywhere over our national calamity. The bands marched through the streets and camps during the whole night playing funeral dirges. Sherman had possession of Raleigh April 19 and on the 20th Johnston proposed terms for the surrender of his army and an armistice was agreed upon and both armies went into camp to await a decision and ratification of the terms of surrender by the war department. April 21 orders came from the war department to fire salutes every half hour and that officers of the army and navy wear mourning for sixty days. Every house in Newbern is being draped in mourning. General Sherman proposes to take his whole army overland to Frederick City, Maryland, as soon as the terms of capitulation of Johnston's army are ratified. April 22 Captain Guthrie, of my regiment, visited me and reported the men in excellent health and spirits. Truman Steinmetz, of the Fifty-seventh Ohio, an old friend and neighbor, called in the office to see me. He was from Columbus, Ohio, and conducting recruits to our army. April 24 General Grant passed through Newbern early this morning to the front. About 1,000 paroled rebel prisoners from Lee's army arrived here on their way to their homes. They seemed glad of the prospect of peace.

April 25 General Sherman has ordered the army to move on Johnston, who refused to surrender uncondition-

ally. General Grant will remain with Sherman's army. April 26 all are anxiously awaiting the result of the move the army made yesterday. Reports say that General Grant will return here tomorrow, also that General Sherman has given Johnston until 12 o'clock noon today to surrender unconditionally. April 27 General Grant arrived here this afternoon, bringing us the welcome news that Johnston had surrendered to Sherman, and that the army would start for Richmond in a day or two under the command of General Howard—that General Sherman was coming here and to Savannah and from there would join the army at Richmond or Washington. That the army would be mustered out as soon as possible." Our headquarters will have orders to move as soon as the army starts. April 28 the army is ordered to move tomorrow, General Howard in command. We also received our orders to move headquarters as soon as practicable to some point near Washington City—Alexandria probably will be our destination. April 29 army moved this morning in good spirits and in light marching order. We will not get away from here before 10th of May. From April 30 to May 10 we had our usual office work to perform, everything passing off quietly. May 1 a large Maying party left the town early in the morning and returned at dusk. They had a jolly good time and returned singing gaily. May 10 we packed our headquarters office and went on board steamer "Ulysses." We found good accommodations on the boat, which is a fine one, but small. We steamed away from Newbern at 6 p. m. The next morning at 7 a. m. the steamer coaled at Roanoke Isle, about forty miles from Newbern. This has been a very beautiful and pleasant day and our accommodations being very good, all are in good humor and in the best of spirits. We slept upon the cabin floor last night and will do so again tonight. Our steamer tied up for the night at the mouth of the canal leading into Pamlico Sound. I went on shore to take a walk on Virginia soil, the first time since our capture at Harper's Ferry, September 15, 1862. On May 12 the steamer

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started on our voyage at daylight. Had a very heavy rain during the night and the air was quite cold and chilly all day. At 10:30 a. m. we reach Norfolk, Virginia, where we lay a few hours to get pilot and to get supplies. We stopped at Fortress Monroe a short time and then steamed on our way on the beautiful Chesapeake Bay, the steamer making twelve miles an hour. Had a very pleasant moonlight ride. We passed Mt. Vernon at 7 a. m. and arrived at Alexandria, Virginia, at 7:30 a. m. May 13. We put in our time looking about the town until noon. Afternoon we loaded up the headquarters plunder and move two and a half miles northwest of town and located ourselves near General Sherman's headquarters. We put up our tents and commenced camp life, the office tent was not put up. The next morning (Sunday, May 14, 1865) the assistant adjutant general decided to move us all back to Alexandria on account of greater conveniences and better quarters. No teams came for us today, so we put in the time writing letters home. Some went fishing. This morning too we got the good news that Jeff Davis had been captured by Wilson's cavalry. Monday morning, May 15, teams came and we commenced moving to Alexandria and by 9 p. m. had the office in running order. We took possession of the "Mansion House" and had excellent rooms for headquarters and other offices and sleeping apartments. Number of rooms 101. All of us were very tired and worn out loading and unloading the teams, putting up the office, etc., and we were only too glad to retire to our cots as soon as we had arranged our last desks. General Howard was relieved from the command of the Army of the Tennessee and assigned to duty as Commissioner Bureau Refugees and Freedmen. Gen. John A. Logan was placed in command of the Army of the Tennessee May 16. Commenced work on books and all the clerks were at work all day at their desks. On the 17th all of us felt rested and refreshed and commenced our work with steady nerves. General Howard came down from Washington to see us and to sign up the records.

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I made out our pay rolls for six months and sent them to the city for payment. We are greatly in need of some of Uncle Sam's "stamps." The escort company of cavalry of our headquarters arrived here this evening and report that our army will arrive here in three days at farthest. May 18 our "field" headquarters arrived here today—the army is close behind. The War Department proposes to hold the veterans and consolidate them, mustering out all supernumerary non-commissioned officers. I hope to be rendered supernumerary. Had pay rolls sent to Major Vedder, paymaster U. S. A., for payment May 19. After four nights of disturbed sleep, we make the discovery that the "Mansion House" was densely populated before we took possession. Bugs! Bugs!! Bugs!!! could be found in all the cracks and crevices and their onslaughts on our bodies each night were most voracious. We thought to play smart on the bugs by moving our cots to the middle of our rooms and placing the legs in tin cups filled with water, but some of the clerks declared that the bugs would crawl up the walls and out on the ceiling and when in right position over the cots, let go all fours and drop. There was no escaping them. Field headquarters is camped about a mile from town and the Army of the Tennessee is now camped two and a half miles northwest of town. General Howard came to see us again today and to sign up his records. He was looking fine and in good spirits.

May 20, worked steadily at books except interruptions by visitors. Gen. B. F. Potts, formerly colonel of my regiment (Thirty-second Regiment, O. V. V. I.) called at headquarters and also came to see me. I was very glad to see him after so long a time and he seemed equally as well pleased to find me. Mr. Maull, 273 Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, also came to see us and get acquainted. He is out and out soldiers' friend and doing all he can for the interest and welfare of our soldiers. He gave each and all of us a hearty invitation to visit him when in the city. The armies are to be reviewed Tuesday and Wednesday of next week (May 23 and 24)

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in Washington City, and march on Pennsylvania avenue from the Capitol Building past the White House and Lafayette Park. Jeff Davis was brought to Washington this evening. Sunday, May 21, commenced raining early this morning, making the weather quite unpleasant. I remained in the office all forenoon and worked at my books. After dinner I took a horse and rode out to the camp of the Twentieth Army Corps, hoping to find my father. The roads were very muddy and I did not reach the corp until late. I found father's regiment (Fifty-fifth O. V. I.), only to learn from his company officers that he had been sent to McDougall Hospital at Fort Schuyler, New York, and that he would soon be discharged. I was much disappointed in not seeing father and returned home about 4:30 p. m. covered with Virginia mud and very tired. May 22 more rain and more work. All were very busy in the office all day. Nearly everybody leaving here and going to Washington to see the review tomorrow, consequently it is very dull and quiet here. Field headquarters moved to Washington today and is located out on Fourteenth street about two miles north from Pennsylvania avenue. Our headquarters will follow after the review. May 23, review of the Eastern Army today. The clerks all went to Washington, leaving me alone in the office all day. I made application to the War Department for detail and sent it to General Howard for his endorsement and recommendation. (These papers are now among my army papers.)

May 24 was a bright and beautiful day. All of us at headquarters went to Washington early this morning to see our army (Sherman's) in review. We were very fortunate to secure a position in Lafayette Park opposite the President's stand and reviewing officers. The review of our army was grand and was acknowledged by all to have been more imposing than that of yesterday and that Sherman's army's general appearance was far better than that of the Potomac army, also in military appearance, physique and powers of endurance. Cheers

after cheers greeted the war worn veterans as they passed. A more cordial welcome was impossible. On every hand could be heard expressions like these: "No wonder Sherman could cut such a wide swath through the heart of the Confederacy;" "The very tread and marching of this army shows power, endurance and that it is invincible." In the crowds near our position were a great many military officers of foreign nations who had come to witness this grand review of our armies. They were unstinted in their praise of the American soldier. General Sherman rode at the head of the army and by the time he reached the Treasury Building both the general and his horse were covered over with wreaths of the most beautiful and costly flowers; the street also was covered with wreaths and beautiful flowers of every description, tossed there by people on both sides of the street. On General Sherman taking his place on the reviewing stand, he caused a ripple of excitement by refusing to shake the hand of the Secretary of War, E. M. Stanton. May 25, we got up very late this morning on account of the fatigue of yesterday and barely breakfasted when ten army teams came to move us and our effects to Washington. We had to pitch in and pack up and by 10 o'clock a. m. the last wagon had been loaded and started off.

Washington, D. C.

WE left Alexandria on steamer, arriving in Washington at 11:30, and immediately started for our headquarters, about two miles out on Fourteenth street. We found the teams already there and we soon had them unloaded. Postponed putting up office tent and the clerks' tents until tomorrow. This has been another pleasant day. May 26, raining and the weather very unpleasant. I went down into the city at 7:30 a. m. to get pay for the clerks at our headquarters, and had to wait

at the paymaster's office until 3 p. m. to get it. Saw Col. J. J. Hibbetts, now colonel of my regiment; also Lieutenant Myers, of my company. After my return we put up our office and before dark were ready for the transaction of business. A party of us went to see "Uncle Tom" at Grover's Theatre and were greatly pleased with the play. May 27, all very busy in the office. Some of the clerks are making out their muster out rolls and will go out of the service tomorrow. Another party of us went to Grover's Theatre again tonight to see "Uncle Tom," The play is having a long run, this being the 140th night, and is still drawing large houses. Sunday, May 28, I spent most of the day going over the city and visiting the public buildings. At 6 p. m. I went by steamer to Alexandria to visit some friends, stopping at the City Hotel for lunch, and put up for the night at the "Marshall House" of Ellsworth notoriety. I slept in a room at the head of the stairs upon which Colonel Ellsworth was shot. Returning to Washington next day, I found no changes had occurred in our office force and our work continued about the same from day to day, keeping all of us very busy.

On June 3 we received orders to move our headquarters to Louisville, Kentucky. We packed up the office on the 4th and moved to the railroad depot, starting from the city at 6 o'clock a. m. About 3 p. m. we passed through Harper's Ferry. At 7 a. m. June 5 our train stopped at Piedmont to await an express train. Next day, June 6, we were compelled to ride in dirty old stock cars, stopping a short time at Grafton, West Virginia, at 8 a. m. Passed through Clarksburg, Virginia, and on arriving at Parkersburg, Virginia, on the 7th, I was given permission to go to Louisville via Cincinnati in advance of headquarters, and arrived at Cincinnati at 7 p. m., stopping with cousins, John Schoen and family, on Sixth street. On the morning of the 8th I concluded to go on home for a short visit and took C. H. & D. train at 7 a. m. I arrived at Delphos at 4 p. m. and immediately started for home, learning here that my

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father had returned home this day. As I came into the dooryard of the old home from the east I met father as he came into the dooryard from the west and we were once more a happy, united family, father, mother, sister and the three brothers, all, all here. Father had received his discharge from the service, but it was my lot to wait for some time before I could be discharged. I was at home and at Van Wert only a short time, leaving Van Wert on the 10th and arriving at Louisville, Kentucky, June 12. I found headquarters set up and all the clerks hard at work. Our work has accumulated so that we are now in great need of three or four more good clerks. Those of us left in the office are compelled to work very hard in order to keep the work up to date. The veterans are getting very impatient at the delays of being mustered out of service, now that the war is over. Many have deserted and gone to their homes. On June 17 I received an order from the war department detailing me for duty in the A. G. O., but our assistant adjutant general refused to let me go until I had copied up the field I. and M. into the regular I. and M. of our headquarters. I expressed home some of my books and extra clothing and paid \$2.00 express charges. I completed the work of copying the field I. & M., copying about twenty pages each day, and on June 24 started to report for duty in A. G. O., war department, Washington, D. C., where I went on duty June 29, 1865. My duties here were not very hard and the office hours, 8 a. m. to 4 p. m., gave me ample time for recreation and to see the city and government buildings. A. J. Blodget and myself had a furnished room on a second story on Pennsylvania avenue opposite the old Willard Hotel for which we paid \$20.00 per month. Our board cost us \$2.00 each per day. After the close of the day's work we would visit some government building, public park or the navy yard or some of the various places of amusement.

Execution of Accomplices of Booth

On July 7, 1865, the execution of Mary E. Surratt, David E. Harrold, Geo. A. Atzeroth and Lewis Payne, all accomplices of Booth in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, took place. The chief of our division in the adjutant general's office offered all of his clerks passes to see this execution. Many of the clerks accepted the passes and went, but Blodgett and myself preferred not to see the execution and did not go.

The 4th of July Celebration

The Fourth of July celebration in Washington was on a more grand and extensive scale than ever before attempted, largely on account of the jubilant spirit among the people over the termination of the war. The display of fireworks in the President's or White House grounds lasted until long after midnight and were grand beyond description. Many of the fixed pieces were faithful likenesses of Presidents of the United States, noted generals of the army and representations of prominent events and occurrences of the war. The salvos of artillery at times were deafening and the sky was ablaze with rockets, bombs, red, white and blue lights representing "Old Glory," colored lights from Roman candles and the usual showers of colored stars and writhing, twisting, hissing, darting serpents. During the display of fireworks the President's band, assisted by other bands, rendered a fine musical program. The Fourth of July at Vicksburg, Mississippi, and this first Fourth of July celebration after the close of the war at Washington, D. C., will ever be remembered by me as being the greatest and most grand of all celebrations of that day.

Mustered Out

Under date of July 22, 1865, I was informed by August Stehr, a friend and fellow clerk at headquarters department and Army of the Tennessee at Louisville, Kentucky, that my regiment, the Thirty-second Regiment, O. V. V. I., had been mustered out of the United States service and had gone to Columbus, Ohio, to receive discharges and final pay before dispersing and going to their homes. This was good news to me. Now that the war was over, like many others, I had become impatient at the delay of our muster out, and longed to be free to return to my home and engage in some business calling. I at once notified the chief of our division of the muster out of my regiment and requested that I be permitted to go to Columbus, Ohio, for muster out and final pay. This was granted and on August 3, 1865, at Columbus, Ohio, I was mustered out of the United States service and received my discharge papers. I was once more a plain, loyal citizen and returned home conscious of having faithfully performed my whole duty as a soldier in the defense of my country and for the preservation of the Union. I was with my company and regiment (Company H, Thirty-second Regiment, O. V. V. I.) in all its marches and engagements up to and including the siege and surrender of Vicksburg, Mississippi, July 4, 1863, as follows.

Engagements

Greenbrier, West Virginia.....	October 3, 1861
Camp Allegheny, West Virginia.....	December 13, 1861
McDowell, Virginia.....	May 8, 1862
Cross Keys, Virginia.....	June 8, 1862
Port Republic, Virginia.....	June 9, 1862
Harper's Ferry, Virginia.....	September 12-15, 1862
Port Gibson, Mississippi.....	May 1, 1863
Raymond, Mississippi.....	May 12, 1863
Jackson, Mississippi.....	May 14, 1863
Champion Hills, Mississippi.....	May 16, 1863
Siege of Vicksburg, Mississippi.....	May 18-July 4, 1863

Soon after July 4, 1863, was placed on detached service as follows

First—Clerk of General Court Martial at Vicksburg, Mississippi.

Second—Clerk in assistant adjutant general's office, Major General McPherson, Headquarters Seventeenth Army Corps, from October, 1863, to April 24, 1864.

Third—Clerk in assistant adjutant general's office, Major General McPherson's Headquarters and Maj. Gen. O. O. Howard's Headquarters, Department and Army of the Tennessee, from April 24, 1864, to June, 1865.

Fourth—Clerk in adjutant general's office, Letters Received Division, War Department, Washington, D. C., from June to August 1, 1865.

Among my army papers, discharges, etc., may be found letters of recommendation, testimonials and endorsements, recognizing my services, and attesting to my character, ability, faithfulness and zeal in the performance of every duty.

HENRY G. LEHMANN,

Sergeant "H" Co., 32nd Regt., O. V. V. Infy.